

Will the Prices of Manufactured Tobacco be Reduced? LATEST EDITION.

This is a question now agitating the minds of dealers in that article and demoralizing trade in it more seriously than any previous disturbance growing out of discussions of tax reduction by Congress, because of the uncertainties involved in the issue. The cause is not a decline in prices of manufacturing material, labor or decreased demand, which are natural and legitimate reasons for decline, but a prospective war on prices between rival factories competing for supremacy. It is a repetition of history which in the past resulted in flooding the country with worthless trash put up in the various forms of manufactured tobacco and sold to consumers at less cost than the price of raw unmanufactured leaf with the tax added. It is well known to old manufacturers that hickory leaves, cabbage leaves and rolled tobacco stems were sweetened and doctored up and freely used as fillers in plug tobacco. In fine cut and smoking tobacco the composition was much the same. The reduction in price caught consumers during the first stages of this war, but before its termination there was general disgust and complaint. More months, impaired digestion, etc., at this juncture a manufacturer of consummation tobacco, previously unknown as a manufacturer of plug, introduced a high grade of plug tobacco at a price commensurate with its value, pushed its sale, soon gained the front rank and has maintained it ever since. The success of these parties inaugurated a contest upon quality, and for some years past the pride of manufacturers generally has been to strive which could produce the best article. Competition has, however, cut down the profits to so close a margin as to leave no room for reduction in price without a corresponding reduction in quality. Recently the fight for supremacy between some of the leaders has been so active that prices are being lowered to a point where a consumer is the really interested sense should teach him without arms to lead to like results as before. It like effects. C. W. Allen, the well known, who has gained such reputation for "TROTTER" and "OLD JAM," has maintained the quality of his goods, and to sustain him. He has fixed his price at one using like of his plug, fine cut and smoking Dealers may handle them with full prices except from the legitimate serial or reduction of tax by congressional action. The purity of these tobaccos is guaranteed to consumers and their special attention directed to his specialties—"TROTTER" and "OLD JAM"—which are made by an entirely new rum casing process that tones down the harder effects and taste of nicotine and gives the chewer a quid pro quo which once tried will not soon be abandoned for anything else. All dealers should have it in stock to meet the growing demand. If this is neglected, consumers can soon remedy it by insisting that THEIR WANTS must be supplied. We publish in each Saturday's issue of this paper a complete list of wholesale and retail dealers who carry this tobacco in stock, but any retailer can obtain it through his regular jobber, as a depot has just been established in this city at 500 N. Second street, under charge of the well known manufacturers' agents, HARRISON & GORLEY, who are now prepared to fill all orders from jobbers; and furnish samples or information upon application in person or by letter. All communications addressed to the manufacturer, C. W. ALLEN, corner Canal and Monroe streets, Chicago, will have prompt attention.



"OLD JAM,"

Or Old Jamaica, if you prefer that name, is a fine standard tobacco, made up in rough and ready clubs, 2-2-5 inches, lined and lagged for six dime cuts, by same process from Choice White Burley Stock, but is a heavier chew and is designed for those who prefer a more decided tobacco taste in their quid. It is placed at a lower price so as to bring it within reach of all. Samples will be furnished to any customer, retail merchant or jobber free of charge upon a plain writing application to CHAS. W. ALLEN, manufacturer, Corner Monroe and Canal streets, Chicago, Ill.

C. W. ALLEN, 99 to 111 Canal St., Chicago, or HARRISON & GORLEY, Southwestern Supply Depot, 500 N. Second St. Louis. For Sale by Wholesale trade generally.

LUNCH DELICATESSEN LUNCH
716, 718 N. BROADWAY.

MUNGER'S LAUNDRY
2308 and 2310 Washington Av. Down Town Office 314 Olive St.

CHARTER OAK RANGES
AND TINNERS' STOCK OF ALL KINDS.
FOR SALE BY EXCELSIOR MANUFACTURING CO.

HULL & WINTER, NORTHWEST CORNER FIFTH AND WALNUT, Importers and Wholesale Dealers in Fine Cigars, Cigarettes, Tobaccos, Pipes, Smokers' Articles and Canes.

Sole Agents for following well-known brands of Cigars: JOHN W. LOVE'S "CUPID," TAYLOR MANUFACTURING CO.'S "CLEAR HAVANA," CHEROKEES and "CLEAR HAVANA," PRINCIPLES, "HENRY CLAY," "VIRGINIA," "KEEP COOL," "TRIUMPH," "TELEPHONE," "MADRIDENA," Key West, "TRADE MARK," Etc. Telephone No. 599.

ST. LOUIS SEMINARY, A PRIVATE SELECT SCHOOL OF HIGH GRADE FOR YOUNG LADIES.
ST. LOUIS PRIVATE LYING-IN HOSPITAL AND CLINIC FOR FEMALE DISEASES.

CHAS. WEZLER, 214 S. FOURTH ST. KENTUCKY WHISKIES. Rhine, Pfalz and Moselle Wines.

DR. PRICE'S SPECIAL FLAVORING EXTRACTS ARE USED.
Vanilla, Lemon, Orange, etc., Flavor Cakes, Creams, Puddings, etc., as delicately and as usefully as the fruit from which they are made.

THE "BIG FOUR" PEERLESS PAPILLON REMEDIES
SKIN CURE, CATARRH CURE, COUGH CURE, BLOOD CURE.

Grossman's Specific Mixture.
JOHN MAGUIRE, REAL ESTATE AGENT, 80 WALNUT ST. ST. LOUIS, MO.

Senators and Congressmen Who Have Committed Suicide.

Henry M. Stanton, Lincoln's Secretary of War, Cut His Own Throat—New York, Texas and Kansas Senators Who Went in a Similar Manner—Culbertson Will Recover.

WASHINGTON, August 6.—Congressman Culbertson of Kentucky, who attempted suicide a week ago, and has been the subject of so much comment, is on the high road to recovery. He will soon be in Kentucky looking after his iron manufacturing interests, which are quite large. Mr. Culbertson's rash act recalls some interesting incidents of that nature among men who have preceded him in the House or Senate. One of the most prominent of these was the suicide of the Hon. Preston King, who for many years represented the State of New York in the Senate of the United States. He was a large man in figure and heart; a sort of David Davis, in person as well as in character. He was a man of great weight, tender-hearted and sympathetic. He was appointed by President Andrew Johnson Collector of the Port of New York, after his retirement from the Senate. The duties of that office and the annoyances of its administration, particularly the appeals for position, were a great deal to him. Mr. King, one day he was found missing. Efforts to find him were after a week successful, when his body was found floating in the river, attached to what was a twenty-five pound bag of shot. The tender-hearted Collector, driven to desperation by the appeals of office-seekers, had sought death in this manner. The suicide of so prominent a man created quite a sensation at that time, and it is well remembered by old New Yorkers in the Government service here.

ANOTHER SUICIDE OF NOTE was that of the Hon. Thomas Jefferson Rusk, of Texas, who was a member of the Senate in 1883, and who committed suicide just after his retirement from that body, by shooting. Whether the suicide of Senator Rusk's suicide is as accurate as that of King, is uncertain. It is not a matter of historical record, as in the case with Senator King. Senator Rusk was very prominent in Texas, which State he represented in the Senate. He had also been Secretary of the Republic of Texas, and had held other prominent positions there. In the Texas history of our citizens, the story goes, men who had found it convenient to leave their former residences on account of incidents which lay and good society did not tolerate. The story that this was the cause of Mr. Rusk's removal from Texas is not stated in history; but there is a story of this sort. Any way, the fact is that he was shot by a man who was a friend of his. He was shot by a man who was a friend of his. He was shot by a man who was a friend of his.

He is printed in history as having died suddenly. Old residents of Washington, however, who were very near the time of his death, and who were in a position to know by reason of their intimacy with him, are prominent in public life, say that Mr. Rusk died from an incision in the throat made by his own hand in a fit of insanity caused by over-work and the mental strain of the time. It is said that the incision in the throat was made by his own hand in a fit of insanity caused by over-work and the mental strain of the time. It is said that the incision in the throat was made by his own hand in a fit of insanity caused by over-work and the mental strain of the time.

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covered a rattlesnake, and in a foolhardy spirit of banter, grasped it around the neck, holding it so it could not bite, and teased it and performed with it for the amusement of his companions. Finally he placed the snake on the ground, thoroughly aroused and furious over its treatment. It was scarcely free from his hold before it coiled in the twinkling of an eye and struck like a flash at its tormentor, burying its fangs in his index finger. While one of the other hunters found a handkerchief lightly about his wrist, Jones applied his lips to the wound on the finger and sucked the poison from it. He then drank a pint of whisky. In spite of these prompt and alleged efficacious remedies for rattlesnake bites Jones's hand was swollen in a short time to twice its natural size and it was thought he was dying. He was carried home and has since been slowly recovering. At this time of the year the bite of a rattlesnake is not so deadly as earlier in the season.

VANDERBILT AND COOK. Movements of the Owners of Maud S. and Jay-Eye-See.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. SARATOGA, Aug. 6.—The owner of Jay-Eye-See arrived here last night en-route for Buffalo, where Jay-Eye-See and Phyllis gave an exhibition trot later in the week. Mr. Case came here to see Mr. Vanderbilt, but the millionaire had left for New York early this forenoon. Mr. Vanderbilt's departure just at this juncture was doubtless without significance as far as Mr. Case is concerned, but it has been naturally enough made the subject of many local inferences among brokers, politicians, railroad men and even among bright girls on the piazza of the hotels and on the grand stand at the race track. Among the anti-Vanderbilt party here, and curious to say, there is a strong one, it is insinuated that Mr. Vanderbilt did not care to see Mr. Case after saying as many unkind and unjust things about him. This insinuation is always coupled with an expression of profound belief in Jay-Eye-See's superiority.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. "I wanted to see Mr. Vanderbilt," said Mr. Case, "because he is laboring under a misapprehension. When I said I would meet my horse at the racetrack in the world and said I would come to make trot heats against him, that was not intended as a direct reference to Maud S. Certainly there was no offense intended and I am extremely sorry it was so taken. Mr. Bonner has as much cause for offense as Mr. Vanderbilt. The newspaper put the construction on my challenge which is objectionable to Mr. Vanderbilt, and I disclaim any responsibility for it. Mr. Case thinks that if Maud S. ever lowers the present trotting record it will be this year. The mare is now eleven years old. Jay-Eye-See is six.

ELOPED WITH HIS SISTER-IN-LAW. A Georgia Husband Deserts His Wife and Five Children.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. DECATUR, Ga., August 6.—Miss Mary J. Cash was one of the belles of this section while she shone, but the indiscretion of a year ago caused her to retire from society and take refuge with her married sister, Mrs. McCrory, at her country home. At first Miss Mary was very penitent and seemed to be filled with serious thoughts of the great hereafter. Like a good sister, Mrs. McCrory did all in her power to make her forget the bitter past and look forward to that better life which repentance might bring. The lady was aided in these kind offices by her husband, who never found time growing heavy while he was looking into the tearful eyes of his young sister-in-law. It soon became evident, however, that Mrs. McCrory did not relish the extreme seal of her husband, and suggested to him that his kindly services might be better performed through herself. From pleasant half hours on the veranda, the husband and sister-in-law soon took to moonlight strolls upon the lawn, while Mrs. McCrory would watch with suspicious eyes from her chamber window. A long time last night a young woman carrying a satchel and umbrella hovered in the vicinity of Grinstead's house, and so strangely did she act as times that persons asked if they could not be of service to her.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. An Infernal Machine Found in the Malls at the New York Post Office.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. NEW YORK, August 6.—A queer-looking box came into the general post office on Monday afternoon. It was registered and directed to an Italian who lives in Mulberry street. Superintendent Russell of the Registry Department thought that it might be an infernal machine, and it was carefully laid aside. The Italian was notified and appeared at the post office. Mr. Russell took the wrapper from the package. It was a cigar box with the cover arranged to slide back. On the cover was a small knob, which tempted the person interested in the contents of the box to slide the cover back with the help of the knob. Mr. Russell did not open the box that way. He took out the bottom. Inside was a loaded and cocked pistol aimed at the person who opened it. It was supposed to be dynamite. Attached to the lid of the box was a string with a loop on it. The trigger was attached to the string and the loop was attached to the trigger. The trigger was attached to the string and the loop was attached to the trigger.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. SLAIN BY HIS SON-IN-LAW.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. HOLMES, Mo., August 6.—James Ashley shot and killed his father-in-law, W. F. Hess, yesterday in this city. For the past two years Ashley has been the victim of epileptic insanity, the result of a blow on the head, and Mr. Hess had been appointed his guardian. Recently it was decided to place him in an insane asylum and yesterday he was arrested and brought here. He was furiously indignant and demanded immediate trial, and when Marshal Bell tried to handcuff him he said he would die rather than submit to the indignity. A friend of his named Bailey came to his assistance and frightened off Hess and the officers with revolvers, one of which he gave to Ashley. The marshal returned to arrest Ashley, who fired at him but missed. Ashley went hunting Mr. Hess, found him and shot him. He was killed. Hess struck him with a cane but failed to disable him, when Ashley shot him in the hip and abdomen, the latter wound resulting fatally. Ashley then leaped upon his horse and was galloping away with the marshal after him when he fell from the horse. He was carried to the hospital, but died. The marshal, Ashley surrendered and was given up to the sheriff, who said that Ashley's unbalanced insanity will save him from punishment for his crime.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. CONSERVATIVE IN TONE.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. PITTSBURGH, Pa., August 6.—The ninth annual national convention of the Amalgamated Association of Iron and Steel Workers assembled here yesterday. Two hundred delegates from twenty-two States and parts of the country. After the preliminary organization was effected, Vice President Keeney of this city delivered an address of welcome. He advised education as the best education of workmen and the solidifying of organization with men to future contests, but recommended peace when possible and a broad and comprehensive view of the rights of capital. President Walbe's response was in the same conservative tone.

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TIRED OF LIFE.

Why Knickerbocker J. Griswold Committed Suicide.

He Had Bright Prospects Before Him Wife Left Him—His Last Will and Testament—Two Letters.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. THOR, N. Y., August 6.—J. Knickerbocker Griswold, whose parents live in South Toledo, Ohio, came here about three years ago and found employment in William H. Frear's dry goods store. He was afterward placed in charge of the kid glove department. His wife accompanied him here, and soon after their arrival a son was born to them. The couple did not live happily, and in a few months Mrs. Griswold separated from her husband and returned to Ohio, but Griswold contributed regularly to the support of the child. In February Griswold took out a policy of insurance on his life. Recently he learned that his wife intended to institute proceedings for a divorce, and this seemed to weigh heavily on his mind. On Saturday he went to Smith & Wellington's law office and had his will drawn, bequeathing the insurance money to his mother and sister, and in the event of the death of either one of them before him, it was to go to the survivor; or should both die before him, the money was to be paid to his cousin, Mrs. Kate M. Faye, who lived in the same house more than a year ago in Lexington, Mass. Yesterday afternoon he complained that he was not feeling well.

By Telegram to the Post-Dispatch. "I was tired of life," said Mr. Griswold, "and I wanted to see Mr. Vanderbilt, but the millionaire had left for New York early this forenoon. Mr. Vanderbilt's departure just at this juncture was doubtless without significance as far as Mr. Case is concerned, but it has been naturally enough made the subject of many local inferences among brokers, politicians, railroad men and even among bright girls on the piazza of the hotels and on the grand stand at the race track. Among the anti-Vanderbilt party here, and curious to say, there is a strong one, it is insinuated that Mr. Vanderbilt did not care to see Mr. Case after saying as many unkind and unjust things about him. This insinuation is always coupled with an expression of profound belief in Jay-Eye-See's superiority.

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A BOLD GERRYMANDER

known to the majority of the Democrats of the ward. One is said to be a car conductor, in Mr. Cleveland's employ, and another is a man who until recently worked in Ed. Butler's blacksmith shop.

It is not probable that the 7,000 Democrats who reside in the wards in question will refuse to submit to such a patent and outrageous scheme of disfranchisement as these facts indicate.

and appeal to the State convention to vindicate them in it. Should they determine, as it is reported they will do, to refuse to have anything to do with the primaries, to refrain from either presenting a ticket or voting, and to hold open mass-meetings on Saturday night for the election of contesting delegations, it is reasonable to expect that the State Convention will on a presentation of the facts refuse to recognize the delegates chosen under

There are unmistakable indications that the id-

The city primaries have attracted State candidates as sugar attracts flies. Among those on the visiting list are: Minter, Gentry, Nesbit, McDearmon, McIntyre, Farr, Morehouse, Cox and Allen.

The Stinsons were the first to pick a ticket in the Fifteenth Ward. It will be composed of A. H. Stonebraker and Andrew MacAllister. The Marmaduke people are considered to be the strongest. The names of Ellis Wainwright and Col. J. G. Prather.

Mr. Stinson, who is usually well-informed state affairs, said that, in confirmation of the reported attempt to "go down" a contribution to defeat Marmaduke, there have been three or four meetings of State candidates and representatives of State candidates in this city. He said that the purpose of the meeting was to canvass for the non-Insurrection delegations of the State, so far as elected, has discovered 163 who would support Norton as a combination candidates and 87 who would support Judge. He said that in close consultation was one of the hotel lobby

Joseph A. Robertson, the experimental manager has been solicited by a large number of his friends in the Eighteenth Ward to run for the Legislature and will probably do so. Those who know Mr. Robertson say he would make an excellent representative, and express a great deal of assurance of the certainty of his election.

Dr. Atkinson furnishes the following card to-day for publication:

"In consequence of there being but one polling place in the Nineteenth Ward, at the primary election, August 9, and that being in the most remote and inaccessible locality for my friends and I, we

a pronounced Marquand man, and as my only aim was his nomination. I hereby notify my friends that I will not be a candidate for election as delegate.

"R. C. ATRINSON."

A COUPLE OF WAIVES

The Story of the Barker Children as Told by the Boy.

Lulu Barker, the young girl whose brother came down from La Grange, Mo., looking for his sister, had found her working on the levee, is at the Chestnut Street Station. It was stated that the girl wanted to remain at her place on the levee and would not leave it, but she was taken sick and as neither of them had any money to go to Sergeant Watkins' took charge of them both and he brought them to the station and to the house for two days. The Sergeant is trying to find homes for them. The brother and sister were seen at the station by a Post-Dispatch reporter who learned their history from the boy's lips.

"My father is a farmer," the boy said in answer to a question.

"How did you happen to come to Missouri?"

"I was born in 1874. I lived with my father in Auburn, Kentucky, and Lulu was at Newbern, Tennessee, and I wanted to go and get my master but my father wouldn't let me. He don't care any more for her than he does for a dog. He has a sewing machine and a stove. He said if I want to, I can go. When I need to come back any more. Well, I went on after her, and I didn't know where to go, so we got on a steamboat, came up here and went to La Grange, where we had relatives. I left Lulu there with them, but she didn't like them and worked for

"Five dollars," answered the girl.

"Then she came down here and found work on St. Ange avenue, and after they got an older girl there she went to the place on the levee. But she was sick and I took her away. She is better now."

"Where is your father now?"

"I went back to Auburn and he had left. Nobody knows where; so I worked on a farm until the letter came from my father, saying that Lulu had gone to St. Louis from LaGrange."

"Oh yes, the would keep us but Lulu did not like them." You see that they are big people and rich, and they looked down on us. It is just like as if they were up stairs and we were down here on the ground floor."

The little fellow by action showed how they looked down on him. He is very small for his age, being no taller than his sister, but he exercises over her the most affectionate care. She appears rather indifferent to her surroundings but he shows consid-

"I will never part from her again," he said earnestly, "I did once, but as long as I can help I never will again."

After the Dogs.

DEAR SIR—I hereby notify you that you can find some dogs for which the owners have procured no license at the following numbers on Thomas street, No. 2604, one dog; No. 2618, one dog; No. 2629, two bitches, &c. There is also a dog at 2612 but I think

You will also find a number of goats at the northeast corner of Jefferson avenue and Dickson street belonging to the King of Kerry Patch (Mr. Cullinane) but I suppose they are exempt on account of Royalty.

A FRIEND OF THE LAW.

Slowly, but surely the mercury climbed the tube to-day, the readings as observed by Aloe, optician, being as follows

a. m.	72
p. m.	73

a. m. 80
 u. m. 81
 p. m. 82
 p. m. 83
 p. m. 83

Robert W. Boyd of Montgomery, Md., to Mrs. Justine L. Eichborn of Fifteenth and Lucas Place; John G. Jennings, 3421 Bailey avenue, to Emilia Menger of 1919 Sullivan avenue; George Fischer of 115 North Fourteenth street to Cecilia Rau of 1018

A Foundling.
John LaGrange, a teamster living on Olive street,

three weeks old on his door step about 11 o'clock last night. The little fellow was wrapped in a red and white shawl, to which was pinned a scrap of paper reading "Little Bobby Fay." The police took charge of the waif and committed it to St. Ann's orphan, on Tenth and O'Fallon streets.

Wanted for Embezzlement
Detectives O'Neill and Armstrong arrested Joseph Herz, a young man wanted at Humboldt, Kan., for embezzlement. Herz was employed in a store there and suddenly disappeared. He was traced to this

Elder Wilson's Funeral.

men in the city. All the Methodist Churches of the city will unite in doing honor to the memory of the late Presiding Elder.

CARONDELET JOTTINGS.

A young man named Buz disappeared from his home last night, and his relatives have been unable to find him to-day.

Mr. A. M. Everest, residing at 1236 Minnesota ave., has just been appointed Notary Public in place of Mr. Hobbs, deceased. This is a prize which was long sought after by many aspirants. Mr. Ever-

of D. B. HAYDEN & Co.

9.08; February 10.18; March 10.29; April 10.40.
Sales 21,600 bales.

ROSE LEVISON'S INKS!
Levison & Blythe Stationery Co.,
13 AND 215 N. THIRD ST.
E. S. ROWSE
Successor to Budd & Wade
Essential correspond for Eastern capitalists. Money
lent in any amount on city property at
low rates.
323 OLIVE STREET.

Toledo—Wheat—August 85½¢; Sept. 86½¢;
 October 87¢; November 88 1/4¢; year 88 1/4¢.
 Corn—August 55 1/4¢; September 56 1/4¢;
 October 57 1/4¢; November 58 1/4¢.
 Provisions—Chicago—Pork—Year \$19.90. Lard—
 September 7.57½¢; October 7.67½¢. Short ribs—Sep-
 tember 8½¢ bid; October 8½¢.
 Grain—New York—Futures closed steady.
 Cotton—September 10.72; October 10.40;
 November 10.10; December 9.87; January 10.95; Feb-
 ruary 10.48; March 10.52; April 10.71; May 10.63;
 June 12.00 bales.
 New Orleans—Futures at 12:10 p. m. barely
 steady; August 10.52; September 10.20; October
 9.98; November 9.95; December 9.95; January

of yesterday. August sold at 47½ to 48; last sale at 47¾ to 47½; opening and closing at 47¼; December at 47½ to 48; September at 47; year at 39½ to 40; cash grades 46½ to 47½. May at 41 to 42; cash grades slow, but firm, and rejected and except E side, and sold higher, but No. 2 steady, except E side, were it sold lower. There was only a small lot and local demand. No. 2 mixed 47½ regular, 45½ in Y, 45½ in Valley; No. 2 white-mixed 46½ in D, bid for L, E and C; rejected do 45½ in C, 45 to 56 in S; T, 46½ in C, 46½ in G, 46½ in St. L, 46½ to 47 in E; no grade 44½ to 45 in C. The general market continues unimproved, demand very small and trading con-

damaged 10; green stock 5; kip and calf classed as
damaged. Green-Salted 8 1/2; damaged 5 1/2; calf
skins 11 1/4; damaged 10; bulls or stags 3 3/4; green
beast 7 1/4; damaged 5 3/4; glue 3.
TERRIBLE-STEADY. We quote: Prime live goats
20 to 24; large and 45 to 50; tares 10 to 15; mixed
10 to 20; mixed 10 to 20; tares 8 and 10 % cent.
or damp stock half price.
SHEEP FELTS-Dull. We quote: Green 70 to 75
and 40 to 70, as to amount and quality of wool; green
carlings 15 to 20; dry do 10 to 15; green lamb skins
10 to 15.
SHEEP SKINS-Quiet and steady at 25 for prime
GREENSWAL-Easy at 25 to 26 for choice.

ships: none.

PITTSBURGH, Pa., August 6.—Oil fairly active, but irregular; opened at 75c, advanced to 75½, dropped to 74½, but quickly rallied to 75½ at noon.

Foreign.

NEW YORK, August 6.—Wheat arrived dull and dear; corn arrived, no business. Wheat—arrive dull and easier; corn to arrive firm. Flour—Wheat dull; corn steady. Country markets.

Spot wheat dull and easier. No. 1 and No. 2 winter's edge is bid; No. 1 and No. 2 spring is bid at 84½; No. 1 and No. 2 winter's edge is bid at 84½; No. 1 and No. 2 spring is bid at 84½. Demand from Europe is strong.

Ready Made Provision, Wolf Point, Bismarck,
Arrowhead and intermediate points.
W. H. PAGE and R. H. BOONVILLE.
Apply for Freight and Loading
Rates apply to Contracting Freight Office in
Yellowstone.
JOHN J. O'CONNOR,
Contracting Agent.

SPECIAL NOTICE
A police excursion steamer CHARLES MORGAN was
chartered for a few unemployed during the month.
Apply to
W. H. PAGE, Contracting Agent, P. O.
P. F. HAYDEN, P. O. Box 1000,
Shipping and packing service of all kinds, ready and

RUTLEDGE & HORTON
REAL ESTATE AND FINANCIAL AGENTS.
No. 70 Olive st. St. Louis, Mo.

USE LEVISON'S INKS!
Levison & Blythe Stationery Co.,
213 AND 215 N. THIRD ST.

F. S. ROWSE
Successor to Budd & Wade.
Financial correspondent for Eastern capitalists. Money
loaned in any amount on city property at lowest
rate.
413 OLIVE STREET.

The Stillwater Club, of the Northwestern League,

costed a woman. "It's a pity that there is no law or rule to apply to those fellows. Do you know that no

100

FOR SALE-MISCELLANEOUS.

CHEAPEST clothing in the city. Dunn's loan office, 523 Franklin av. 5

F. W. BUSSE (new) 138 Franklin av. suits, pants, urens and looking glasses on time payments; pictures framed in good style at low prices.

NOTICE TO HOUSEKEEPERS Please see advertisement on page 10.

dispose of their household goods at residences can send postal.

5 ROYLAN, LEONORA & CO.
805 Olive street.

FOR trunks, mirrors, wingers and flures go to Diana's sal. office, 912 Franklin st. 5

FOR SALE—An acre of household goods on time payments at cash prices; no charge, no interest. People's Furniture, Carpet and Store Co., 215 and 212 N. 2d, bet. Franklin and Olive, E. A. Sklar, general.

FOR SALE—Drug store fixtures at a bargain. J. D. Miller, 320 Pike st.

FOR SALE—Elevator, steam boiler, presses and fixtures, and valuable tract of land, with special privilege for handling grain by water, and 100 hammer, 100000 lbs. in hay stations—a growing and thrifty town on the Ohio River. Price \$10000. Call on J. H. Harrison, 100000 lbs. furnished by N. O. Johnson, Columbus, Cherokee County, Ga.

TURN MINNAPOLIS

FOR SALE—One fine Jersey cow and calf. Inquire at 206 Olive st. Dudson. ⁵

FOR SALE—We have for sale all the doors, windows, mantels, flooring, bath tub, galvanized boiler, and all the plumbing, iron railing and crating, etc., in that fine building, 2624 Pine st. Wm. H. Wilson & Co., 10 and 12 N. 9th st. ⁵

A THOUSAND chromo cards or envelopes for \$1. ⁵

HOWARD SCOTT, printer, 810 Olive st.

FOR SALE—The entire furniture of three bed-rooms.

FOR SALE—Furniture, consisting of bed-room and complete kitchen outfit. To responsible parties on easy time payments. Apply to J. H. Vette, notary, 619 Chestnut st. w3

DIAMONDS.

A large assortment of the best quality, sold as low as possible. Call and see before buying elsewhere.

THE. EAGLE, 204 N. Fourth St.,

Next to Globe-Democrat.

PAGODA FOR SALE.
As we are changing the character of our Exhibit and having no further use for our elegant Pagoda in the Floral Hall at the Fair Grounds, we offer same for sale at a very reasonable price, far below original cost. For particulars apply to
A. A. MELLIER,
at 709 and 711 Washington Av.
STOVE REPAIRS.
For every stove or range made in the United States, to be had at A. G. Brainer's, 219 Locust st. S.

FOR SALE—English mule, slightly soiled, will be sold at a bargain at Hall & Dolan's Park Stables. a5

FOR SALE—Cheap, to pay storage and other charges; hand some parlor set and carpet; fine piano and organ; marble top dresser set; cook stove, etc. C. F. Beta, 238 N. 5th st. w5

FOR SALE—Fine line of ladies' Hosiery, trunks and valises at Coopers' and 315 Locust st. w5

FOR SALE—Cheap—3 fresh goats. 3130 Chestnut ave. w5

COAL MARKET—Hall & Co., 3187 Morgan; 11 bushels coal for one dollar. Send postal. 5

FOR SALE—Printing press and outfit, \$5 00; nearly new

\$25 Will buy one patent embossed plush rocker and large easy chair to match; cost \$38; also one steel engraving for \$10; cost \$3. 3115 Thomas st. w3

4-SHAW, the pioneer vapor-stove dealer,
Shows the most complete line in the world,
Has the most perfect burner ever made,
And recognizes no competition with same.
Will guarantee every stove sold.
Special attention paid to gasoline stove repairs.
R. R.-Old cooking stoves taken in exchange.
Best Gasoline delivered to all parts of the city. *See page 4*
315 S. 3rd St. Phone 100. *See page 4*

ALL SORTS.

WIGS AND TOUPEES—Call or send for circular
Burge, 1006 Franklin av., St. Louis, Mo. 32

DYEING and patching neatly done by A. M. Nordfeld,
No. 707 South Main street, Carondelet, Mo. m32

SPECTACLES
TO SUIT ALL EYES.
SOLID GOLD SPECTACLES, \$3 75.
THEO. EAGLE, 204 N. Fourth St.,

CORNS
CORNS

Extracted without pain 25 cents each. All troubles of the foot treated in a skillful manner by
DR. J. W. ROTHSCHILD,
717 Olive street, near Eighth street.

BLISS' COCKROACH EXTERMINATOR guaranteed to rid your premises of cockroaches; exterminator of bed bugs, etc.; ask your grocer, Detroit, 321 Walnut st. W.


PAPER hanging done with care and dispatch by L. D. White, 181 E. Eddle st. W.

FOR SALE—Lads, stores, saloons, partners wanted.
22 N. 4th.

PRESERVATION OF WALLS.
Stone fronts cleaned and disintegration prevented. New brick-work kept clean and mortar joints preserved; old fronts renovated and made to look new; damp walls permanently cured. St. Louis brick and stone preservation Co. 615 S. 3rd st. 72

THE Well-Boring and Prospecting Co. sink any depth through earth or brick. A. H. Botsford, Manager, 143 Washington av. 652

VASEL & CO. 1917 Franklin av. invite the attention of the public to their world-renowned "Swiss Health Bitters." They also keep

 I sell fine of all kinds of wild and tame birds. Write for catalogue. The cull. 32

PARROTS, singing birds, pet and male gold fish, bird cages, bird seed, mooking bird food, etc. A. Bohne, 625 Olive st.

A THOUSAND business cards 51.
HOWARD SCOTT, Printer, 810 Olive st. 32

WANTED—Drawing for machine shop, also for patent office, with assistance in writing specifications and claims. Geo. Crehore, 228 16th st.

D. STRAWBERRY, patterns and model maker; wood and metal. 41 Morgan st., city.

IMPROV'D CITY PROPERTY FOR SALE.

FOR SALE ON MONTHLY PAYMENTS.

Two more of those fine 6-room detached stone fronts, 3729 and 3731 N. 25th, between Salisbury and Farrar streets. Apply to F. M. Cook, 625 Chestnut. 87

FOR SALE—Or rent, small house of 8 rooms, and a 5-room frame house; also a 4-room brick house, with basement and large yard. Ap. at Moffett st. and F. district. W. S. Smith, 1000 Franklin. 88

FOR SALE—3706-3708 Cook av., elegant stone-front houses, hardwood finish; new street made. Call or apply at 3710 Cook av. 7

FOR SALE—Cheap, easy terms, 4 new 5-room frame cottages, lots 6x130 each, stables and cisterna, good healthy, high ground, on Walton and Harvard aves., near Page st., within two blocks of Cable road and same distance from Franklin st. cars. Will sell on monthly payments or exchange for vacant lots. S. F. Quinette, 708 Chestnut st. mi

SUBURBAN PROPERTY FOR SALE.

BENTON.

Choice lots for sale in Rogers' subdivision of Benton Place at extremely low figures. Three blocks from Benton Station; twenty minutes from Union Depot; fare, 4 cents; platé of the property, price list, railroad time tables and full information at our office. Wm. C. Wilson & Co., 515 Chestnut st. w3

"Mum's the Word."
From the Chicago Herald.

The Iowa prohibitory law has resulted in the preparation of a new beverage. Its name is "mum." The following suggestive passage at-

arms between the Prosecuting Attorney and an unwilling witness occurred in the trial of a Burlington saloonkeeper on the 25th of July:

Q. Have you drank anything at Saldeen's?

A. Yes.

Q. Whisky? A. No.

Q. Brandy? A. No.

Q. Alcohol? A. No.

Q. Gin? A. No.

Q. Beer? A. No.

Q. Mum? A. Yes.

Q. What's it like? A. I don't know.

Q. Is it like beer? A. I don't know.
Q. Is its color like beer? A. I can't say.
Q. Do you know the color of beer? A. Yes.
Q. Is the color like whiskey? A. No.
Q. Well, you do know know something about color. Does mum foam? A. It foams a little.
Q. Does it taste like beer? A. I couldn't tell how it tastes.

It Would Unfit Him for Business.
The Great English Actor

"Little Boy," said an amiable old lady to a youngster on the street, who was swearing vociferously, "wouldn't you like to join the Sunday-school?"

"No, m. My fadder won't let me."

"Oh, I guess your fadder will let you. He will probably be very glad to have his little boy taught not to swear, and to grow up to be a good man."

"No he wouldn't," the boy said, confidently. "What business is your father in?"

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BILL POSEY.

The Head of a Band of Outlaws
Dashed to Death Over a Precipice.

Camp Rice, Texas, Oct. 10, Philadelphia Times.

In a former sketch I have mentioned to you about Christopher Posey, better known along the frontier as "Kansas Kit." There was an other Posey famous in border annals, but I don't think the two were related. William, or "Bill," Posey was one of the most reckless and bloodthirsty desperadoes in Texas and his name was a terror to the law-abiding element of the New Braunfels district. At the time he flourished the Comanches held undisputed sway on the broad plains of the old territory of Texas. They made frequent raids through Comal and the other counties in the Guadalupe Valley and greatly annoyed and harassed the German farmers. The Indians were brave, cruel, bloodthirsty. When word was sent into the New Braunfels district that they were on the war-path the flame-haired, phlegmatic Texans would take down their smooth-bore rifles of ancient make that had been brought from the Faderland and, after kissing their fringed girths, would start forth to meet the red foe. They would not return to their homes until the Indians were vanquished. When news was received that Bill Posey was on the war-path there would be a rush. They would skulk in the bush until the desperado was gone.

BILL POSEY, DESPERADO.

He had a grain of raw-chivalry in his composition and never molested women nor children. Bill was born at Horn Hill, Limestone County, and at tender age of five years was a criminal career that made his name infamous. Texas was full of bad men then, and as the boy was possessed of exceptional strength and attention and men flock to his standard. He gathered around him a lot of forerunners and blood-thirsty desperadoes and finally decided on himself and his band of outlaws. He was a modern Robin Hood, but he was lacking in those romantic qualities which make the name of Robin Hood a household word. He was a modern Robin Hood, but he was lacking in those romantic qualities which make the name of Robin Hood a household word. He was a modern Robin Hood, but he was lacking in those romantic qualities which make the name of Robin Hood a household word.

After disposing of the results of his forays he would go into one of the little German towns and spend his money, continuing his debauch until he was penniless. On these occasions, while under the influence of liquor, he committed most of the crimes which made his name a terror. Once after a successful raid through Comal county, he returned with his pockets full of money and rode into New Braunfels to spend it. As usual he was accompanied by a whole band of desperadoes, and they filled the town with fighting whiskey and then, mounting their horses, proceeded to "shoot up the town." Yelling like demons they rode through the quiet streets, shouting their pistols in the air and frightening the quiet-loving Germans nearly to death. They drove the people indoors and closed every place of business in town except one saloon, which Posey compelled the terrified proprietor to keep open for the accommodation of himself and his band of desperadoes. The outlaws would ride up to the door of this saloon, dismount and at the muzzle of their six-shooters, compel the Teutonic barkeeper to "set 'em up."

CAPTURING A SHERIFF'S POSSE.

While this wild carnival was at its height the Sheriff of Comal County, cool and collected, was urging the timid citizens to unite and put down the riot. He finally succeeded in inducing fifteen or twenty men to follow him. They were armed with shot guns, revolvers, muzzle-loading pistols and hunting rifles. Posey and his gang were in the saloon drinking when the Sheriff's posse entered. The Sheriff and his men marched down the street. As the little party approached the saloon one of Posey's band sauntered to the door and at a glance took in the situation.

"Bill," he cried, "the Sheriff's comin' down the street with a big gang."

"The devil," the Sheriff cried, "the Sheriff's comin' down the street with a big gang."

"Jump behind the door there and give it to 'em if they come in."

His drunken associates obeyed this order and they waited the coming of the Sheriff's posse with drawn revolvers. When the posse reached the front of the saloon the Sheriff gave the order to charge and they rushed in. Posey and his men sprang from their hiding places and confronted them.

"Throw up your hands!" cried Posey, brandishing his six-shooter.

At sight of the outlaw the courage of the citizens suddenly vanished, and they, trembling, obeyed, begging for mercy. The Sheriff, with a quick movement, raised his pistol and his finger pressed the trigger. One of the outlaws dropped to the floor with a bullet through his heart. Simultaneously Posey and one of his men fired and the Sheriff sank down, while the blood gushed from the two bullet-holes in his breast. The volunteer deputies covered and held their breath from fear, expecting every moment to be their last. Posey coolly regarded the dead Sheriff for a moment, then he turned to the other outlaws and said: "The Sheriff is dead. Now it's your turn to shoot. Draw your guns and shoot him in the back and ordered the drinks for the crowd. "Take your pay out of that," he cried, flinging the bleeding Sheriff to the bar. The frightened bartender set out the glasses.

Posey compelled all present to drink to his health, and then picking up the scalp he walked out and mounted his horse and followed him, and when all had mounted they discharged their weapons and rode out of town, yelling and whooping.

Shortly after this little episode Posey and several of his gang rode into Lampasas, with the intention of committing a robbery. Fortunately for the success of their scheme, however, there happened to be a squad of State Rangers in town. When Posey rode in they were sitting in the Sheriff's office spinning yarns. Rapid shooting down the street attracted their attention and they ran outside.

"It's Bill Posey," they heard the Sheriff say, "and they've come in here to rob us."

"We'll help 'em," said one of the Rangers and they advanced upon the outlaws.

Bill Posey and his band of desperadoes were riding out of town when they were met by a squad of State Rangers. The outlaws were armed with shot guns, revolvers, muzzle-loading pistols and hunting rifles. Posey and his gang were in the saloon drinking when the Sheriff's posse entered. The Sheriff and his men marched down the street. As the little party approached the saloon one of Posey's band sauntered to the door and at a glance took in the situation.

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A Ranger stepped forward to perform the service for him, but the outlaw, with a gurgling noise, fell back dead. A desperate fight ensued and the Sheriff's squad overpowered the outlaws.

After killing a German farmer, a desperado rode from the scene of the robbery, followed by the Sheriff and his posse. They pursued him and he was forced to make a stand in the dense river bottom. A desperate fight ensued and the Sheriff's squad overpowered the outlaws.

And Posey, sorely wounded, was forced to surrender. He was taken in triumph to Waco and lodged in the county jail. A few nights later after Posey's men rode into Waco and, surrounding the jail, forced the jailer to open the doors and release their captain. After firing a volley into the jail they gave three cheers and rode out of town with Posey at their head. A reward was offered for him, dead or alive, and every civil officer in the State began to hunt for him. A company of rangers was detailed to follow him up and his life was one constant round of sudden surprises and desperate battles. One after another his followers were killed off or captured and he was forced to remain in hiding. During one of these flights between Posey and his followers a remarkable outlaws was badly wounded and deserted by his companions. He succeeded in eluding the rangers and making his way to the house of an old German farmer. Knowing that the very name of Bill Posey filled the Germans with terror he boldly announced that he himself was that redoubtable outlaw, and ordered the old farmer to dress his wounds.

"Be quick about it, too, old man," he added, "or I'll kill you for good."

The farmer trembledly obeyed, and when the outlaw demanded whiskey brought a bottle and glass from the cupboard and set it before him. He watched his unwelcome guest narrowly, and when the desperado tossed off a glass of the liquor a peculiar smile came over his face. He then ordered the outlaw to mount his horse, and the latter rode away. Before he reached the next farmhouse he felt a deadly faintness creeping over him. He dismounted and dragged himself to the door. He knocked for admission and a man came out.

"For a doctor?" cried the outlaw, staggering into the house. "The d— Dutchman has poisoned me!"

The farmer assisted the dying man to a bed and then mounted his horse with all haste and rode to New Braunfels. He brought back a doctor and the Sheriff, but before they reached the farm house he had passed in his check. A berry-chine and been mixed with the whiskey he had drunk at the house of the German farmer and Bill Posey had lost another follower.

DASHED TO DEATH.

Things now became too hot for Posey in Texas, and gathering together the remnants of his band he fled to the Indian Territory. His career there was a short-lived one. He stole some horses and was pursued by a Sheriff's posse and finally he was killed. He was a modern Robin Hood, but he was lacking in those romantic qualities which make the name of Robin Hood a household word. He was a modern Robin Hood, but he was lacking in those romantic qualities which make the name of Robin Hood a household word.

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A STATESMAN'S HOME.
The Mansion Which Senator Sherman
Is Erecting at Mansfield.

Washington Correspondence of Cleveland Leader.

Sherman is just completing one of the finest country residences in Ohio at his home in Mansfield. It is a dark red brick of two stories, with a wide porch, finished out with a tower and many corners. It has rocky porches at the front and side, giving shady seats and beautiful views at all hours of the day. The windows of the house are made of a remarkable stone, a quantity of which underlies Mr. Sherman's farm east of the city. That used by the Senator comes from a quarry on an adjacent estate. It is a reddish sandstone veined and grained with many different colored veins. At some places it looks like a section of knotted, gnarled wood, and at others like the veins and half rotten stump carefully polished. The veins are of different widths, and they wind and twist themselves into the most conceivable shapes. Now a number of them will run in parallel curves, now they twist themselves into many rings as the snakes of the Laocoon, and now they stand in all directions of the compass. Medusa. Well trimmed and polished and cut into beautiful shapes, their color matches well with the color of the stone. They are placed where they show out prominently above the door and hold up the great porch they form a finish richer and more beautiful than any stone work has ever been done. The interior of the house, however, will be its chief feature. It has many rooms and they are large and airy, with high ceilings. The halls are so wide that a wagon could drive through them. The rooms are arranged with a sort of symmetry, and each room opens into its respective hall. The carpenters were busy at work here several days ago when I passed through the city. The house is a masterpiece of architecture, and it is a credit to the city of Mansfield. It is a credit to the city of Mansfield. It is a credit to the city of Mansfield.

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not consider it necessary to sit down on the porch of husband's as they so often do on these gala days.

Gold Pens, Lowest Prices.

Merrill & Jaccard Jewelry Co., 4th and Locust.

A Fresh Picture of the Greatest Living General.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

Moltke the Silent—der Schweiger—as he is called, is generally considered the greatest, and certainly the most successful of living soldiers. His achievements at Koniggratz, Sedan, and Paris have never been surpassed, and compel the admiration of all competent military critics. Silent, quiet, cold, the very incarnation of concentrated thought, just as you see him walking in the streets or moving in a drawing room, when everybody stands respectfully aside to let him pass—he stood on the battlefield, his cold, clear eye passing slowly from one point to the other, his cold, clear mind weighing the chances of victory and defeat with the intensity and severity of a mathematician pondering over the solution of some grave problem.

No one, it is said, has ever seen Count Moltke excited, not even at Sedan, where the greatest victory of modern times decided the fortunes of the most powerful empire of the Continent. His calmness seems mysterious, almost awful, and there is something strangely sad and silent, lonely, about his eyes. He died some years ago, and never, and a child, his nearest relations, with the exception of a nephew and niece, seem to be kept at a distance from the day of his death. Moltke's cabin was a friendly, familiar way. Nobody has ever been able to tell me, though I have often inquired, where he lived. He is to be seen at almost all the Emperor's receptions, the most important of the day. But how does the old Field Marshal pass his time when free from duty—when tired of work? Nobody pretends to know. Either Moltke is a recluse, or else those who approach him intimately do not speak about it.

When the weather is fine you may see a very tall man, with very light, yellowish hair, and a small, beardless, wrinkled face, out of which shine a pair of stony gray eyes, wrapped in a long, dark military coat, a cap on his small head, dressed in a General's uniform, and fields surrounding it making up an estate of about fourteen acres. It fronts on Market street, the finest in Mansfield, and is well to the west of the city. The house is a masterpiece of architecture, and it is a credit to the city of Mansfield. It is a credit to the city of Mansfield. It is a credit to the city of Mansfield.

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"MOLL AND HER KID."
A Mother and Her Child Washed
Away in Their Cabin.

From the Denver Tribune.

A fierce storm was raging on the Divide. The rain fell in torrents, accompanied by showers of hail. Notwithstanding the elements were outside, the play in the tent of Jim Saunders, near the edge of the gulch, was continuing without interruption. A new pay streak had been found that morning and yielded enormously, and Black Joe, Georgia Bell, and Dave-Devil Dick had been playing old slugs for hours to see who should be the owner of the pile of dust gotten out by the three. Just as Dick was saying "High, low, jack and game, which gives me the pile," a vivid flash of lightning, instantly succeeded by a deafening clap of thunder, ensued, and before the inmates of the tent had recovered from their surprise, there entered the tent Jack Bolton, another miner, halting, and with the rain streaming in torrents from his hair and garb. As he lifted the tent flap the noise of the rushing torrent, dashing on its way down the gulch, was heard as one continuous roar of thunder. 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